

# SHE'S WAITING IN OLD IRELAND

## IRISH BALLAD



WORDS BY  
LUCILLE M. SANFORD  
MUSIC BY  
HARRY WILLIAMS

WEILE

# She's waiting in old Ireland.

## IRISH BALLAD

Lyric by

LUCILLE M. SANFORD

Music by

HARRY H. WILLIAMS

Very Slow



A sweet-heart I have in Old Ire - land  
The ship has weigh'd an-chor Ma - your - neen

A girl that to me is so dear — Her  
My eyes are now turned to the west — Where

eyes are as blue as the sky up a - bove and her lips faith I wish I had here — Though  
you my be-loved one is wait-ing for me and to wel-come me back to your breast — The

*accel.*

*rit.*

*a tempo*

sad was the day when we part-ed She was brave not the sign of a tear — She  
sweet Shan-don bells will be ring-ing While the thrush in the black thorn will sing — A

*a tempo*

mur-mured come back to me Barn-ey lad I'll a-wait for you don't fear.—  
Cush-la there'll be no more part-ing then for you'll wear my wed-ding ring.—

*rit.*

## CHORUS

Very slow

She's wait-ing in Old Ire-land— on Kil-lar-ney's friend-ly shore— She's the  
—girl I left be-hind me— at her low thatched cot-tage door— And of  
those past days I'm dream-ing— when sun-shine bright decked your brow— I  
held you tight your heart close to mine I loved you then as now.—

*rit.* *rit.*

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